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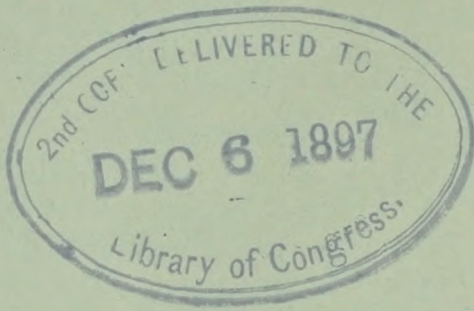




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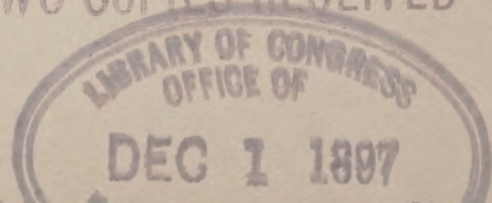
Santa Claus,
Kriss Kringle
or St. Nicholas.

Fully Illustrated.

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Published by
E. J. WHITE & CO.,
54 North Main Street, Room 16, Providence, R. I.

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NOW, I have caught you Santa Claus,
Kris Kringle or St. Nicholas,
And you must tell me, tell me true,
Which of these names best pleases you?"

"O-ho! my pretty little maid,
I'll answer true, O-ho!" he said.



Copyrighted, 1897.

MY wife, she often calls me hub,
And, strange to you, sometimes just bub,
No doubt you think me six feet, four,
And that I weigh a ton or more,
But when at home I'm rather small,
Not near so large nor half so tall
As when I visit girls and boys
And load them down with pretty toys."



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SOMETIMES she calls me darling, dear,
'Tis then I've nothing harsh to fear.
Again her words come thicker, faster,
They burn me like a mustard plaster.
But I will not repeat the titles
That rasp my ears and chill my vitals.
Enough, I know she's not to blame,
And that she loves me just the same."



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THE names which you have mentioned,
three,

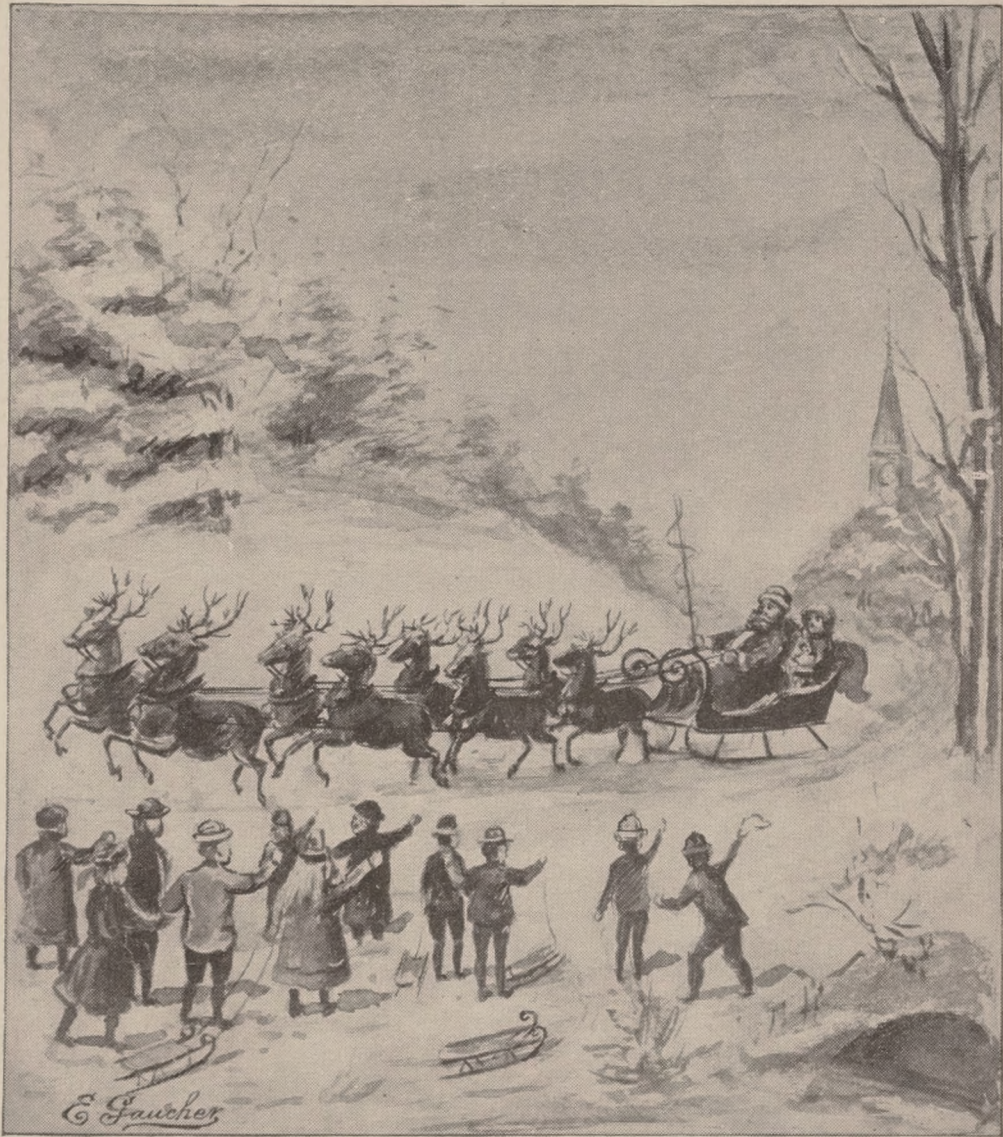
Are what most people give to me.”

He then looked serious and said:—



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SOMETIMES it enters my wife's head,
When we have just a bit of leisure,
To take a little ride for pleasure.
'Tis then when sounds the sleigh bell's jingle,
And the frost makes ears and noses tingle,
She coolly calls me 'Sir Kriss Kringle.'"



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WHEN Sunday comes, with pious thought
We go to church, there to be taught
The way to live, our duties plain.
'Tis then with sober look, and mein,
As down the aisle we, solemn, pass,
She whispers low, 'St. Nicholas.'"



Copyrighted, 1897.

BUT when the holidays draw near
And we are busy with good cheer,
And I am loading up my sleigh
With presents for your Christmas Day,
My wife with nimble fingers aiding,
And gentleness her acts pervading,
I'm jolly then, and just because
She calls me 'dear old Santa Claus.'"



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MY story's told, and you have guessed
Which name it is I like the best."

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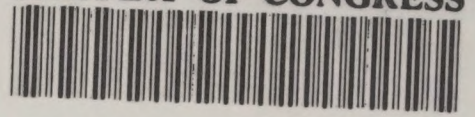




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